

Caruso Says: "I'd Like to Be a Robber But Singing Cuts My Evening So!"

BY W. H. ALBURN.

NEW YORK, Nov. 22.—Signor Enrico Caruso, the world's most famous singer, would like to be a cartoonist, or, if he couldn't succeed at that, he'd like to be a pirate.

But the drudgery of singing in grand opera for \$200,000 a season keeps his nose to the grindstone. He's got into a rut and can't get out. He's caught in a "dead-end" occupation.

Caruso told me his sad tale as we stood on the upper deck of the Kaiser Wilhelm, entering New York harbor. He had just finished a successful autumn season abroad, singing in various capitals and receiving the decoration of the order of St. Michael from the hand of the king of Bavaria. But—

"Eet eez all nothing," said Caruso. "I seeng. I have always done that. What eez zat to me—hah? Bene bene, tra-la-la-la!" And a little shower of golden notes rippled out over the North river.

"Be careful," I suggested. "You're losing money."

"Money?" The big shoulders drew up in an Italian shrug that showed the fur collar of his overcoat over his ears. "What do I care for ze money? Eet goes like water!" Ever-rybody want money—except me. I no care. Br-r-r-r-r! Eet eez cold."

"What do you care about?"

"Me. I like to be an artist—what you call artist—to draw. Not pretty paintings or like zat, but cartoons, car-ic-a-tures."

"Then why don't you?"

"But I do. Only, I am so beezy. No tempo. I can only draw when zere is nothing else to do. Yet I draw, al-mos every week, caricatures for my frien' Marziale Sica, to use in his giornale, ze newspaper, 'La Folla di New York.' I no charge him for zem."

"I give zem to him. An' I no draw for anybody else in ze world. Zat eez friendship—to give wizout return."

"But eef I deed not have to seeng, I would be beezier."

"It's a sad world," I admitted. "What else would you like to be, signor?"

"Ugh—a rob-berri!" The tenor's swarthy face took on a demonic look. Lips curled, eyebrows bristled and eyes flashed.

"Again," I suggested rudely, you're losing money, signor. Broadway would pay to see that."

"How of-ten moost I say I care not for ze money? Eef I were rob-berri, I rob for excitement an' glory."

"What sort of robber would you be?"

"A bank robber—a train robber—a pirate!"

"To hold up un treno an' roba ze passagieri, zat would be fine. But 'pirate'—what eez zat, signor?"

"Why, a sea robber."

"Gr-r-r-reat!" shouted Caruso, striking another hundred-dollar pose, raising his big ivory-headed, gold-flashed cane and holding it like a pirate captain's cutlass. "I seel com-mand a pirate sheep. I seel sail to inferno. An' I weel draw caricatures of all ze men I make walka ze plank. 'Hah! Hah! Hah!'"

"Hah! Hah! Hah!"

"Hah! Hah! Hah!"

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"Hah! Hah! Hah!"

"Hah! Hah! Hah!"



Caricature of Pres. Wilson, drawn by Caruso. Printed by courtesy of New York Italian newspaper, La Folla.

Cap. Tells Of Auto That Ran Amuck In Garage

BY H. SIBLEY.

Sunday afternoon—or evening—is the best time to visit the Alley Rats' nest. Cap Shuey, proprietor, conscientiously adheres to an unwritten law that no business is to be discussed on that day, therefore he is free to devote his entire time to the entertainment of his guests. And all who have been fortunate enough to enjoy a Sunday afternoon with Cap Shuey will agree that such wholesome diversion will keep one in a good humor for the rest of the week—those with torpid livers included.

Week days are slightly different. Cap is always alert for business on week-days. If an Alley Rat or a stranger saunter in with a new overcoat, or a ten cent cigar, or bearing other unmistakable signs of prosperity Cap's agile mind instantly leaps into action; he edges over to the prosperous looking individual, steers him to a big, new, shiny black Jack-Rabbit simultaneously explaining in low confidential tones all its fine points, beginning with the design of the radiator and never letting up until he gets to the rear spring shackle.

Therefore, I say, Sunday is the best time to visit the Alley Rats' nest; Cap is at his best on that day, although he is a treat at any time.

Yesterday afternoon at three o'clock every chair and settee in the semi-circular room of the old stove was filled; more Alley Rats roosted like a row of turkeys on the running boards of cars nearby, a few others lolled comfortably in the tenebrous.

It was an auspicious occasion, for ere another Sunday has passed, Cap will have abandoned the old Alley Rats' nest for new quarters; but more of that anon. Suffice it to say that it was an auspicious occasion, and therefore Cap was in fine fettle.

Rapid Fire Conversation.

In the early part of the rapid fire conversation some one had made a comment on the risk of life and limb to which people are exposed in this day of so many automobiles, and turning to Cap had enquired:

"Cap, you've been in the game longer than anyone else around here. How's happen you you never got bunged up any—why, you never even skinned your knuckles, did you?"

"Hunh? Never skinned my knuckles—never skinned my knuckles, heh? I'd better have skinned my knuckles than have the whole top of my skull caved in! Cap retorted with spirit.

"See that?" he added, removing his cap and bowing his head to expose an indistinct hexagonal shaped scar on the top of his head.

We saw it. Cap resumed:

"But that wasn't all—and all my hair and eyebrows burned off at the same time, had to stay home two weeks afore they grewed out again."

And then Cap went on to describe in his characteristic way the circumstances connected with the accident; how he had lighted a match to find a lost nut he had dropped while working in a repair pit under a steam wagon.

When the gasoline fumes had ignited instantly, and how, in his scramble to get out again, he had bumped his head on the unyielding machinery of the car above him.

When the laughter had subsided somewhat, Cap went on, "But that ain't nothin' to the time one of my little steam Mobiles tried to chase me out of my own garage."

"Oh, tell us about that!" shouted his delighted audience, in chorus.

Preparing himself in the usual way for a long pull ahead, and backing up to the stove that he might face his entire assembly, he began as follows:

Car Was a Curiosity.

"It was when I had my first garage (pronounced 'Lidge'), emphasis on first syllable) over in back of Hobbes; it was a two story frame building and my show room was about half the size of this. Only had one car for demonstration then, and it was a great curiosity, boys—a great curiosity. Guess everybody in town came to see that car the second day I had it till I had to lock the doors the keep 'em out."

"I'd been out showing Rudy Kamm how to operate the wagon one afternoon and I came back to the garage with a full head of steam. I had just got the car turned around in there and backed up at the end of the room, when Tim Lorden—Tim Lorden, you remember him Aleck, he was my engineer on the Ben Hamilton—when Tim Lorden came a pokin' in."

"Tim was a good natured old soul. I thought a lot of Tim, but he couldn't keep his hands off nothin', boys,

couldn't keep his hands off nothin', specially any new fangled machinery. Well, I was a-shakin' the stove (Cap's favorite diversion) and not payin' much attention to Tim, who was back inspectin' the car. Then all of a sudden something shot past me like a bullet out of a gun and there was a crash and then the thing started back again and then I see it was the car. Tim had got to monkeyin' with the levers, and had pushed the throttle wide open, and as soon as he done that, of course with six hundred pounds of steam that little wagon started to travel."

"Things was right lively after that. Tim shot out through a window carryin' the sash with him, I ducked out from behind the stove just as the stove went down and the wagon kept right on over it; the wheels got cramped just so the car would turn around in the room—once in a while it would bump the wall and knock all the plasterin' off, and cramp the wheels again and the wagon kept on agoin'."

Had Hard Chase.

"I tried to catch it and every time I got near enough to grab the throttle it dodged and started to turn around the other way—why, it was just like trying to catch an old Tom cat that was in a hurry to get somewhere else. It kept goin' round and round, and me gettin' grey-haired trying to keep out of its way, and coals was all over the floor and the door was afire and all the windows was smashed, and a woman upstairs got so excited she jumped out of the window. I never knowed how much damage six hundred pounds of steam in a little wagon that won't no more'n that long (indicating with his hands) could do, but it was a plenty, boys—it was a plenty."

"Bimebye steam got so low that I could catch up with it, and I shut her off in a hurry, I'm tellin' you. But my grandmother, if you could uv seen that room!"

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—Adv.

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Sec'y Wilson Speaks Out On Michigan Mine Strike

BY GILSON GARDNER.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 25.—Protests are arriving at the white house as a result of what is charged to be an attack on the sacredness of property by Secretary of Labor William B. Wilson.

Speaking in Seattle before the American Federation of Labor gathering, Mr. Wilson referred to the Michigan copper strike, and after calling attention to the fact that official figures show that the largest corporation in the Michigan district had in the course of 43 years profited to the tune of \$200,000,000 on an investment of \$1,250,000, Mr. Wilson said:

"If any individual or corporation takes the ground that the property is his own, that he has the right to do with it as he pleases, and fails to take into consideration the fact that the title has only been conveyed to him as a trustee for the welfare of society, then he is creating a condition that will cause society to modify or change these titles to property, as it has a perfect right to do whenever in its judgment it deems it for the welfare of society to do so."

Marble Was Useful.

By the death of John Marble, the interstate commerce commission loses one of its most useful members. Marble was among those thoroughly enlightened and always to be relied upon in a lineup between special privilege and general welfare. There are three vacancies now to be filled on the commission, the others being created by the resignation of Judge Prouty to undertake the railway valuation work, and the expiration of the term of Judge C. Clements which expires Dec. 31.

Unless Louis D. Brandeis can be appointed, the next best candidate for one of these positions is Patrick J. Farrell, who for years has been solicitor to the commission. All shippers are hoping that the president will re-appoint Judge Clements, who is known to be one of the most valuable members of the commission.

Congress Neglect.

For the 55,000 school children in the District of Columbia there are 13 medical inspectors, of whom two are dentists. When congress was asked for nine additional inspectors, including a chief, the reply was one inspector at \$500 per annum. There are six veterinarians for the inspection of 1,175 dairy farms stocked with 17,457 cattle, not to mention the job of inspecting 25 slaughter houses. The inadequate provision against preventable diseases in Washington is attributable to the neglect of congress. The citizens of Washington have no vote.

Where Money Went.

The railroads have begun their hearing before the interstate commerce commission in favor of higher freight rates. While their walls are filling the air, it should not be forgotten that according to figures gathered by the commission, one of the eastern roads in nine years expended in operations, which the commission de-

scribes as "outside its railroad sphere," the sum of \$204,000,000. The increased wages paid labor as well as the increased quantity of rolling stock, have swelled operating revenues 26 cents per locomotive mile between the years 1908 and 1912, so that if more freight revenues are needed the reason is not increased wages, but increased liability for interest, dividends and profits due to the operations of high finance.

Railroad Helps Out.

The Illinois Central railroad has agreed to buy for its dining car service all its tomatoes from the girls' tomato canning clubs of the south, which are being fostered by the U. S. department of agriculture.

Tax Reform Grows.

The adoption of tax reform is something like the guarantee of bank deposits. If one community gets it others in the neighborhood have to adopt it for self-protection. Thus in Texas, according to reports, the plan of assessing land values high and labor-created values low has been adopted by Galveston, Waco, Beaumont and San Antonio.

Speech on Trusts.

Persons interested in the problems of trusts, their efficiency, and measures to control them, will find excellent information on the subject in a speech delivered in Philadelphia and

recently published in pamphlet form by Amos Pinchot, whose address is Knickerbocker building, 60 Broadway, New York city. They should write to him for a copy.

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